When the Sky Listened

Islamic Poems for Children

Volume 15

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This book is intended for children aged 5-10 years. The stories and teachings are based on authentic Islamic principles, including references to Hadith, and are designed to promote positive moral values and character development.

The content is presented in a simple and engaging dialogue format, tailored for young readers. While the stories are carefully crafted to be age-appropriate, parents and guardians are encouraged to read the book with their children to ensure full understanding and provide additional context when needed.

For further clarification on the Islamic teachings mentioned, readers are encouraged to consult qualified scholars or trusted Islamic resources.

All efforts have been made to present the teachings of Islam accurately. However, readers are advised to seek further knowledge from authoritative sources to gain a comprehensive understanding of the subject matter.

The Day the Sky Forgot to Rain

Baba:
Mansoor, come here, the sky is dry—
Not a cloud, no birds that fly.
The grass looks thirsty, the trees feel pain,
What should we do to ask for rain?

Mansoor:
But Baba, we cannot make it pour,
We are not clouds, we can't do more.

Baba:
True, my son, but there is a way—
The Prophet ﷺ taught us how to pray.
He stepped outside with humble heart,
To make Istisqa—a special start.

Mansoor:
Istisqa? Baba, what does that mean?
Is it like prayers we've already seen?

Baba:
It's a prayer for rain, with hearts sincere,
To show Allah we trust Him here.
The Prophet ﷺ wore his cloak inside out,
To show complete hope, never a doubt.

Mansoor:
Why did he turn his cloak like that?
Was it magic or just his hat?

Baba:
No magic, son—just deep, strong belief.
Turning the cloak was a sign of grief—
A symbol that change can surely start,
If we clean the rainclouds inside our heart.

Mansoor:
Baba, can we go and do it too?
I'll wear my shirt the other way through!

Baba:
Yes, my boy, we'll stand and pray,
With hands raised high, in a humble way.
We'll ask for rain with grateful tone,
And thank Allah—He hears alone.

Mansoor:
Let's not forget the poor who cry,
Who sleep beneath a dusty sky.
We'll pray for them with hearts so wide,
And ask for mercy on every side.

Baba:
Beautiful words, my loving son,
That's how true prayers are gently done.
And when the rain begins to fall,
We'll thank Allah, the Lord of All.

Mansoor:
So rain begins from hearts that bend,
From prayers that rise, and hands we send?

Baba:
Exactly, Mansoor—your heart's so bright,
May it shine with Allah's light.

The Prayer Before Sunrise

Mansoor:
Baba, why do you wake so soon,
When stars still twinkle, and hides the moon?
Your prayer mat's warm, the house is still,
But you whisper names with such a will.

Baba:
Ah, my dear, that early call—
Is the Fajr prayer, the best of all.
And in its last bow, I stand so tall,
To make a special prayer for all.

Mansoor:
A special prayer? What do you say?
Do you ask for toys or games to play?

Baba:
No, my son, not things for me—
But for others, far across the sea.
Like the Prophet ﷺ in days gone past,
He prayed for friends who didn't last.

Mansoor:
Who were they, Baba? Were they kind?
Did he pray for those left behind?

Baba:
Yes, Aiyash, Salama, Walid—each name,
The Prophet ﷺ raised in morning flame.
He prayed, "O Allah, keep them near,
And protect the weak who live in fear."

Mansoor:
That's so brave! He thought of all,
Even when his tears would fall?

Baba:
He asked for help for tribes in pain,

And prayed for rain, or sometimes, no rain.
Like famine in Yusuf's time, you know,
To wake the hearts that turned too slow.

Mansoor:
But Baba, he also forgave?
Like Ghifar and Aslam—he let them wave?

Baba:
Yes, my son, forgiveness too,
Even in prayer, his love shone through.
The Prophet ﷺ taught that hearts must care,
And stand for truth through humble prayer.

Mansoor:
Baba, I want to pray like that—
Not just for me, or where I'm at.
But for those who cry, who fight to stand,
Even if they're in a far-off land.

Baba:
That's the spirit, my dearest one,
Your prayer's a light like morning sun.
When you raise your hands with love so wide,
You walk the path the Prophet ﷺ did with pride.

The Sky of Smoke

Mansoor:
Baba, why did the sky once frown,
And send down smoke upon the town?
Was it a storm? Or burning trees?
Why couldn't people breathe with ease?

Baba:
My dear Mansoor, that smoke you ask—
Was hunger's breath, a heavy task.
The Prophet ﷺ prayed when hearts were blind,
When truth was shown but none were kind.

Mansoor:
Did they not believe, Baba, why?
Didn't they see his message fly?

Baba:
They turned away, they shut their ears,
So he prayed for years like Yusuf's fears.
A famine came, no crops to reap,
And even the strong began to weep.

Mansoor:
What did they eat if food was gone?
Did the days feel dark and never done?

Baba:
They chewed on skins, and bones so dry,
Their stomachs empty, their tongues a sigh.
They looked to the sky, and hunger so deep—
Made them see smoke though they couldn't sleep.

Mansoor:
Baba, that's sad… but did they change?
Did hearts return, or still stay strange?

Baba:
Abu Sufyan came with a plea so true—
"O Muhammad ﷺ, pray for your crew.
You teach us love, to help our kin,
But now we suffer for our sin."

Mansoor:
Did the Prophet ﷺ answer then?
Did he forgive those stubborn men?

Baba:
He always forgave, and Allah did too,
But warned them strong with verses true:
"A day will come when we shall seize—
With power mighty, not to please."

Mansoor:

Baba, I want to learn each verse,
So I don't let my heart grow worse.

Baba:
That's the path, my shining light,
To walk with truth and pray each night.
Let stories guide you when skies grow gray—
And follow the Prophet's ﷺ noble way.

The Rain Came Down When the Prophet Prayed

Mansoor:
Baba, why do the clouds obey
When the Prophet ﷺ would start to pray?
And who said those kind words I heard,
Of helping orphans with each word?

Baba:
Those lines, my son, were from Abu Talib's song,
He knew the Prophet ﷺ would right each wrong.
He called him white—not just in skin—
But pure in heart, so bright within.

Mansoor:
Did rain really fall when he raised his hand?
Even in a dry and thirsty land?

Baba:
Yes, my Mansoor, skies once were bare,
The people cried, "We need Your care!"
The Prophet ﷺ stood with calm and grace,
And hope returned on every face.

Mansoor:
What happened next? Did the sky reply?
Did water pour down from the sky?

Baba:
Before he stepped down from his prayer,
Rain came rushing everywhere!
From rooftops, streams began to race,
And joy lit up each thankful face.

Mansoor:
That’s like magic, Baba, true and grand!
But he helped more than just the land?

Baba:
Indeed, my dear, he’d always care,
For orphans left without a pair.
He’d feed the hungry, dry a tear,
And help each widow year by year.

Mansoor:

I want to help like he would do,
With kind hands, and a heart that's true.

Baba:
Then follow him in all you say,
In how you work, in how you pray.
The Prophet ﷺ taught us all to be—
A light, a shade, a giving tree.

When Rain Danced to the Prophet's Du'a

Mansoor:
Baba, I read a verse today,
It spoke of rain and skies so gray.
Of how the Prophet ﷺ prayed one time,
And water poured—a sight so prime!

Baba:
Ah yes, my son, those words are dear,
They came to minds of those so near.
Ibn Umar stood and saw him pray,
And rain came down that very day.

Mansoor:
He didn't stop till drops came fast?
From roof and gutter, rain rushed past?

Baba:
Exactly so! The sky once dry,
Let water fall from up so high.
Abu Talib's verse was known,
It praised the one who stood alone.

Mansoor:
Baba, what did the verse then say?
About the Prophet's gentle way?

Baba:
It spoke of him as kind and white,
A face of hope, a soul of light.
Who fed the orphans, helped the weak,
And wiped the tears from widows' cheek.

Mansoor:
Was he always like this, Baba dear?
Helping others year to year?

Baba:
Always, son, in word and deed,
He lived for others' every need.
And when he prayed, the earth would sing,
And joy would bloom with every spring.

Mansoor:

I want to give, to care, to pray,
To help the ones who've lost their way.

Baba:
Then be like him, my little star,
No act of kindness is ever far.
A smile, a prayer, a hand to lend—
That's how our Prophet ﷺ used to mend.

The Du'a That Brought the Rain

Mansoor:
Baba, today I heard in class,
A story from our noble past.
When rain would hide and lands were dry,
How did they ask from Allah, Most High?

Baba:
Ah, a special tale you've found,
Of thirsty fields and dusty ground.
When drought would come, and skies turned gray,
Umar would rise and start to pray.

Mansoor:
Did he pray just by himself?
Or ask someone for some help?

Baba:
He asked Al-Abbas, the Prophet's kin,
A man of faith, strong deep within.
He'd say, "O Allah, we once would plea
Through Your Prophet ﷺ, so lovingly."

Mansoor:
"But now he's gone," Umar would say,
"So we turn to his uncle today"?

Baba:
Yes, my son, and with deep respect,
He'd humbly pray with pure intent.
"Bless us with rain," he'd call and cry—
And clouds would gather in the sky.

Mansoor:
SubhanAllah! So rain would pour,
And thirsty earth would bloom once more?

Baba:
Exactly so! With du'a sincere,
Allah would send the rain so near.
Because they asked with hearts so true,
And knew Allah alone could do.

Mansoor:

Baba, can I make du'a too?
For rain or sun or skies so blue?

Baba:
Of course, my son, just raise your hand,
And know that Allah understands.
Your voice is dear, your heart He sees—
Du'a is answered on bended knees.

Mansoor:
Then I will pray both day and night,
For rain and peace and all things right.

Baba:
That's the way, my dearest boy,
To find in prayer the truest joy.

The Cloak of Hope

Mansoor:
Baba, what's a special way
The Prophet ﷺ would choose to pray?
My teacher said he did something new,
When asking rain from skies so blue.

Baba:
Ah, my son, you've learned so well,

A story I would love to tell.
When rain had stopped, the land was dry,
And cracks had crept beneath the sky.

Mansoor:
Did people cry and feel afraid?
Did they all stop and bow and pray?

Baba:
Yes, the Prophet ﷺ led the prayer,
With every heart and hand up there.
And when he prayed, what did he do?
He turned his cloak from old to new.

Mansoor:
Turned his cloak? What did that mean?
Was it a sign for something unseen?

Baba:
Exactly, dear! A beautiful sign—
That change will come with Allah's design.
He turned it inside out to show,
From dry and dull to rain and grow.

Mansoor:
Like turning sadness into cheer?
And showing hope will soon appear?

Baba:
Yes, my son, that's what it taught—
To trust in Allah when times are fraught.
Even small acts, when done sincere,
Can bring Allah's mercy near.

Mansoor:
Then Baba, if I wear my cloak,
And flip it too with each kind stroke,
Will Allah see and hear my plea,
And send His rain down just for me?

Baba:
He surely will, if you believe,
And call on Him with hearts that grieve.
Istisqa is a prayer of trust—
And He will send what's fair and just.

Mansoor:
I'll never forget that simple way,
To turn my cloak and humbly pray.

Baba:
And when you do, just don't forget—
The One who sends each tiny wet.
Du'a, my son, brings skies to weep,

And wakes the world from water's sleep.

When the Sky Turned Blue Again

Mansoor:
Baba, why do clouds sometimes hide,
And trees stand still with thirst inside?
Today our garden looked so dry—
No birds, no breeze, just empty sky.

Baba:
Ah, Mansoor, your eyes have seen,
What many miss, though skies are clean.
There was a day, much like today,
When rain had not come, not one spray.

Mansoor:
What did the Prophet ﷺ do then, Baba?
Did he wait or talk to the people again?

Baba:
He walked toward the Musalla ground,
Not a drop of water could be found.
He faced the Qibla, raised his hands,
And made du'a across the lands.

Mansoor:

Was that all? Did the rain appear?
Or did the people wait in fear?

Baba:
He wore his cloak inside out,
A quiet way to show no doubt.
He prayed two rak‘ahs, calm and still,
With love and hope and perfect will.

Mansoor:
Why turn his cloak, Baba? What for?
It seems like something more in store.

Baba:
To show that things can always change,
That Allah’s power has full range.
From dry to wet, from pain to peace,
With prayer, the hardships soon may cease.

Mansoor:
So if I pray and truly try,
Will mercy fall from Allah’s sky?

Baba:
Yes, my dear, with heart so true,
Allah will surely answer you.
Just like our Prophet ﷺ once stood,

With patience, prayer, and faith so good.

Mansoor:
Then next time rain forgets to fall,
I'll pray with love and give my all.
I'll turn my jacket, face the right way,
And ask for rain just like that day.

Baba:
And know, my son, it's not just rain,
But healing, joy, and ease from pain.
Allah responds when we believe—
And all we ask, we can receive.

Rain from the Mountain Sky

Mansoor:
Baba, today at Jummah prayer,
The imam spoke of skies so bare.
He said our Prophet ﷺ once was asked,
To pray for rain when times were harsh.

Baba:
Yes, my son, that day was dry,
The sun was fierce across the sky.
A man stood up, with worry deep,
"Our animals die, we cannot reap."

Mansoor:
And the Prophet ﷺ, what did he do?
Did he speak, or just pass through?

Baba:
He paused his khutbah, raised both hands,
And asked Allah, across the lands:
“O Allah! Send down rain today!
Bless us with water in every way!”

Mansoor:
Did it rain right then and there?
Was there even a single cloud in air?

Baba:
By Allah, not a cloud was seen,
No sign of shade, the sky was clean.
But then—a shield of gray appeared,
From behind Sila, it slowly neared.

Mansoor:
Like a miracle floating high,
The cloud had come to paint the sky?

Baba:
Yes, and soon the rain did pour,

For days and days, and even more.
Till next Jummah, that same man came—
“Too much rain!” he cried again.

Mansoor:
So did the Prophet ﷺ make it stop?
Or let the rain continue to drop?

Baba:
He raised his hands again in prayer:
“O Allah! Around us—not here!
Let rain fall on hills and trees,
On valleys, fields, and mountain breeze.”

Mansoor:
And just like that, the skies turned blue?
The sun came out and shone right through?

Baba:
Exactly so, my dearest one—
A lesson in trust that can’t be undone.
With du‘a, patience, and full belief,
Allah sends both rain and relief.

Mansoor:
Then if I ever feel afraid,
Or see the grass begin to fade,

I'll raise my hands and whisper low—
For Allah hears us, this I know.

The Rain Prayer

Mansoor:
Baba, I heard a story today,
Of how the Prophet ﷺ prayed for rain.
On a Friday, when the sky was clear,
He raised his hands with hope and cheer.

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, I know that tale,
When the fields were dry and the winds did wail.
A man came to the Prophet ﷺ,
And asked for rain, his heart so grim.

Mansoor:
But Baba, did it rain right then?
Was the sky not clear, the sun at zenith?

Baba:
No, my son, the sky was blue,
Not a cloud in sight, not even two.
But the Prophet ﷺ didn't wait,
He asked Allah, and prayed with faith.

Mansoor:
What did he say? What words did he say?
To make the rain come on that day?

Baba:
He raised his hands, his heart so pure,
“O Allah! Bless us with rain, for sure!
Bless us with rain, O Lord divine!
Bless us with rain, and make it fine!”

Mansoor:
And then the clouds came, just like that?
From the mountains, they appeared flat?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, like a shield in the sky,
A cloud appeared, and it spread high.
The rain poured down, and did not cease,
For days it fell, bringing peace.

Mansoor:
But Baba, did the rain stay long?
What happened next, did it go wrong?

Baba:
The following Friday, another man came,
With worry in his eyes, he spoke the same.

“The rain is too much, the roads are blocked,
The livestock suffer, the earth is locked.”

Mansoor:
And what did the Prophet ﷺ do then?
Did he ask for rain to come again?

Baba:
No, my son, he prayed for the skies,
“O Allah! Round about us, but not here,
On the hills and valleys, where trees appear.
Let the rain fall on the fields and hills,
But not on us, O Allah, fulfill!”

Mansoor:
And just like that, the rain did stop?
The sun shone brightly, no longer a drop?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, just as you say,
The rain stopped, and the sun came to stay.
The lesson is clear, my dear child:
Trust in Allah, and He will guide.

Mansoor:
So I can trust Him too, Baba?
In every trial, in every way?

Baba:
Indeed, my son, in every strife,
With Allah's mercy, we find life.
When we ask in faith, with hearts sincere,
Allah answers, for He is near.

The Rain that Filled the Sky

Mansoor:
Baba, I heard something so grand,
Of a story from long ago, so grand.
A Friday sermon, the people stood,
When rain was scarce, the people would.

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, I know this tale,
When the skies were dry, and the winds did wail.
A man came up, with a humble plea,
"O Prophet ﷺ, pray for rain, we need it to be!"

Mansoor:
What did the Prophet ﷺ do then, Baba?
Did he call on Allah with hope, like a prayer's warm flame?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, with hands raised high,

He prayed to Allah, under the open sky.
"O Allah, bless us with rain,
Send us rain, relieve our pain!"

Mansoor:
And then the rain began to fall,
Did it pour like a flood over all?

Baba:
Oh yes, my son, it poured and poured,
So much that the streets were floored.
The people walked through the heavy rain,
Trying to reach their homes again.

Mansoor:
But Baba, did the rain stay long?
Why didn’t it stop, as they went along?

Baba:
The next Friday, another man stood near,
He said, "The rain’s too much, it’s causing fear.
Please ask Allah to stop the rain,
So we may walk without any strain."

Mansoor:
And what did the Prophet ﷺ say, Baba?
Did he pray again, in a humble way?

Baba:
He raised his hands and spoke with grace,
"O Allah, round about us, but not this place.
On the hills, the mountains, the fields of green,
But not over Medina, let the sun be seen."

Mansoor:
And did the rain stop, just like that?
Did the clouds go away, just like a hat?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, it was as you say,
The clouds parted, and the rain went away.
It rained around Medina, but not on us,
For the Prophet ﷺ's prayer was a holy trust.

Mansoor:
So Allah answered, Baba, so clear,
With His mercy and grace, so near?

Baba:
Indeed, my son, Allah always hears,
Our prayers, our hopes, our deepest fears.
When we ask in faith, with hearts so true,
Allah answers, and sees us through.

The Rain that Touched the Earth

Mansoor:
Baba, I heard of a time long ago,
When the sky was dry, and the ground was slow.
A man came to the Prophet ﷺ, with a plea,
"O Messenger of Allah, let rain come to thee!"

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, the people were in need,
The crops were dry, and the earth could not feed.
So the Prophet ﷺ raised his hands high,
And prayed to Allah, under the open sky.

Mansoor:
And did the rain come, Baba, so fast?
Did it fill the skies, at last?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, the rain did pour,
From Friday till the next week, and more.
It rained so much, the roads were full,
But soon another man came, with a worried pull.

Mansoor:
What did he say, Baba? Was he scared?
Why did he ask the Prophet ﷺ to be prepared?

Baba:
The man said, "O Prophet ﷺ, it’s too much rain,
The roads are blocked, and there’s much pain.
The houses are falling, the livestock are gone,
Please ask Allah to stop it, we need the sun!"

Mansoor:
Oh no, Baba! What did the Prophet ﷺ do then?
Did he stop the rain and let the sun shine again?

Baba:
The Prophet ﷺ stood with hands raised high,
And prayed to Allah with a peaceful sigh.
"O Allah, let the rain fall on the hills and plains,
On the valleys, the mountains, and the trees that remain."

Mansoor:
So the rain stopped over Medina, Baba?
Did the clouds move away like a soft silk shawl?

Baba:
Yes, my son, the rain moved away,
The clouds cleared up, and the sun shone all day.
It rained on the hills and the fields far away,
But Medina was blessed, with sunshine that day.

Mansoor:
SubhanAllah, Baba! Allah answered their prayer,
Showing His mercy, His love, and His care.

Baba:
Indeed, Mansoor, Allah listens to us all,
He hears our needs, no matter how small.
When we pray with faith, from the heart so true,
Allah answers, and His mercy shines through.

The Rain that Heals

Mansoor:
Baba, tell me the story once more,
Of the rain that came, and the hearts it restored.
I heard a man came, with worry and fear,
And asked the Prophet ﷺ, to help us here.

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, the people were in need,
Their livestock were gone, and the roads did not lead.
The crops were dry, and the earth had no grace,
So the man asked the Prophet ﷺ to pray for rain's embrace.

Mansoor:
Did the Prophet ﷺ raise his hands, Baba,

And ask Allah for mercy from the skies above?

Baba:
Indeed, my son, he raised his hands high,
And prayed to Allah under the wide, blue sky.
"O Allah, send us rain," he humbly asked,
And rain came down, as the Prophet's ﷺ prayer was cast.

Mansoor:
But Baba, the rain did not stop, did it?
It continued for days, flooding every bit?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, the rain poured down,
The roads were blocked, the earth was drowned.
Then the man returned, with a worried plea,
"O Prophet ﷺ, the rain has come too free!"

Mansoor:
What did the Prophet ﷺ do, Baba?
Did he pray again for the rain to be gone?

Baba:
The Prophet ﷺ stood, calm and wise,
And prayed to Allah, with clear, kind eyes.
"O Allah, let the rain fall on the hills and plains,

On the valleys and mountains, not on the city's lanes."

Mansoor:
So the rain moved away from Medina, Baba?
Like how clothes are taken off, so clean and bright?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, the rain left the city's side,
The clouds parted, as the sun took its stride.
It rained on the fields, on the trees so tall,
But Medina was safe, under the sunlight's call.

Mansoor:
SubhanAllah, Baba, Allah is so kind!
He listens to our prayers, and answers in time.

Baba:
Yes, my son, Allah's mercy is wide,
He hears our calls, with love as our guide.
We must trust in Him, in every trial,
And know that His answers are always worthwhile.

The Rain of Mercy

Mansoor:
Baba, I heard a story about the rain,
When the Prophet ﷺ prayed for it again.

The man came with worry, his heart full of fear,
He asked the Prophet ﷺ for rain, so dear.

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, the people were in need,
The livestock were lost, the land couldn't feed.
The crops had withered, the hunger was near,
And the people called on the Prophet ﷺ, with hearts sincere.

Mansoor:
What did the Prophet ﷺ do, Baba?
Did he pray to Allah, with faith in his heart?

Baba:
The Prophet ﷺ stood, so calm and so wise,
He prayed to Allah with his hands raised to the skies.
"O Allah, send us rain, send us relief,
For the people are suffering, in sorrow and grief."

Mansoor:
And did the rain come down, Baba, just like that?
Filling the earth, with a gentle pat?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, the rain began to fall,
It poured from the sky, covering all.

The people were happy, their hearts filled with cheer,
For Allah answered the Prophet ﷺ's prayer, so clear.

Mansoor:
But Baba, was that the end of the rain?
Did it stop, or continue, with no refrain?

Baba:
The rain kept falling, for a full week long,
It washed the earth, made the land strong.
But as the days passed, the people came again,
And they said, "The rain is too much, O Prophet ﷺ, it's causing pain."

Mansoor:
So what did the Prophet ﷺ do then, Baba?
Did he pray for it to stop, and calm the sky?

Baba:
The Prophet ﷺ stood with wisdom and grace,
And he prayed to Allah, to change the rain's place.
"O Allah, let the rain fall on the hills and the trees,
On the mountains and valleys, where the land can breathe."

Mansoor:
And did the clouds move away, Baba?

Just like the Prophet ﷺ asked of Allah?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, the clouds parted wide,
And the rain moved, flowing far and aside.
The city was spared, the people could see,
That Allah answers prayers, with mercy so free.

Mansoor:
SubhanAllah, Baba, Allah is so kind!
He listens to us, and answers in time.

Baba:
Yes, my son, we must always pray,
With faith in Allah, each and every day.
For His mercy is vast, His kindness pure,
And His answers to our prayers are always sure.

The Rain of Mercy

Mansoor:
Baba, tell me the story once more,
Of the rain that poured from the skies, galore.
The Prophet ﷺ prayed, and it rained for days,
How did it happen, in such amazing ways?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, it was a time of great need,
The people were struggling, in need of good deed.
A man came to the Prophet ﷺ with worry in his eyes,
Saying, "Livestock are lost, and roads have turned to cries."

Mansoor:
What did the Prophet ﷺ do, Baba?
Did he pray for rain, in a moment of awe?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, the Prophet ﷺ stood tall,
With trust in Allah, He answered the call.
"O Allah," he prayed, with hands held up high,
"Send us rain, from the clouds in the sky."

Mansoor:
And then the rain came down, Baba?
Falling gently, with blessings so grand?

Baba:
Yes, the rain fell, from Friday to Friday,
The earth soaked it up, bringing life in its sway.
But soon, the rain became too much to bear,
The man returned, with worry and care.

Mansoor:

What did the Prophet ﷺ do then, Baba?
Did he pray for the rain to stop, with a plan?

Baba:
The Prophet ﷺ, with wisdom so clear,
Prayed to Allah, with a heart full of cheer:
"O Allah, let the rain fall where trees grow,
On the plateaus, the valleys, where green lands glow."

Mansoor:
And did the clouds move, Baba, just like that?
Did the rain fall where it was needed, with a gentle pat?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, the clouds parted wide,
As if the sky took off its cloak and side.
The rain moved away, the city was saved,
And Allah's mercy for all was beautifully paved.

Mansoor:
SubhanAllah, Baba, the Prophet ﷺ was so wise,
He trusted in Allah and reached for the skies.

Baba:
Indeed, Mansoor, we must learn to pray,
With trust in Allah, each and every day.
For Allah listens, and answers our plea,

And His mercy for us is as vast as the sea.

The Prophet's Prayer for Mercy

Mansoor:
Baba, I have heard a story so deep,
Of a time when people were hungry and weak.
The Prophet ﷺ prayed for rain from the sky,
And the people received mercy, oh my, oh my!

Baba:
Ah, Mansoor, this is a tale so true,
Let me tell you of the time when the rain flew.
The people of Quraish, they did not believe,
They turned away from Islam and did not grieve.

Mansoor:
What happened then, Baba, when they did not care?
Did the Prophet ﷺ pray for them, in despair?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, the Prophet ﷺ prayed,
To Allah for mercy, for their hearts to be swayed.
And so, Allah sent a famine so strong,
The people were hungry, and suffering went on.

Mansoor:

Did they listen then, Baba, to the Prophet ﷺ,
Or did they turn away, stubborn and grim?

Baba:
The famine was harsh, and many did cry,
But they did not listen, no matter how hard they tried.
Then came Abu Sufyan with a plea in his heart,
Saying, "O Muhammad ﷺ, do not let us depart."

Mansoor:
What did the Prophet ﷺ do, Baba, in that hour?
Did he call to Allah with all of his power?

Baba:
The Prophet ﷺ prayed, with deep love and care,
"O Allah, send mercy, send rain everywhere!"
For seven days the rain came pouring down,
But the people complained, it flooded the ground.

Mansoor:
So what did the Prophet ﷺ say, Baba, then?
Did he stop the rain or make it begin again?

Baba:
The Prophet ﷺ prayed once more, with grace,
"O Allah, let the rain fall in a better place.
Let it rain around us, but not on us here,

So the earth will be blessed, without any fear."

Mansoor:
And did the rain change, Baba, just as he prayed?
Did the clouds move away, just as he had said?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, the clouds parted, just so,
The rain fell around them, making the crops grow.
And the Prophet ﷺ showed mercy that day,
Reminding us to trust Allah and always pray.

Mansoor:
SubhanAllah, Baba, how kind was he!
He prayed for rain, for the people to see.

Baba:
Indeed, Mansoor, we must always remember,
To pray with faith, through each stormy December.
For Allah listens, and answers our plea,
Just as He did for the Prophet ﷺ, you and me.

The Prophet’s Prayer for Rain

Mansoor:
Baba, I heard a story today,
Of the Prophet ﷺ and his prayer for rain one day.

The people were suffering, the land was dry,
They cried out for help, looking up to the sky.

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, the people were in need,
The crops were withering, and there was no seed.
The Prophet ﷺ, standing on the pulpit high,
Heard their cries, and he raised his hands to the sky.

Mansoor:
What did the Prophet ﷺ ask, Baba? Tell me more,
Did he pray for rain, and what happened before?

Baba:
The Prophet ﷺ said, with a heart full of grace,
"O Allah, bless us with rain in this place."
There was no cloud, no sign in the sky,
But soon, the clouds gathered, and the rain fell from high.

Mansoor:
SubhanAllah, Baba, that's truly amazing!
The sky was clear, then the rain came, blazing!

Baba:
Indeed, Mansoor, it rained all week long,
The people were grateful, their hearts full of song.
But then, a week later, as the Prophet ﷺ spoke,

The people cried again, as the rain almost broke.

Mansoor:
What happened next, Baba? Did the rain stop then?
Did the Prophet ﷺ pray again?

Baba:
The people said, “The roads are blocked, and the homes have fallen,
Please, O Prophet ﷺ, to Allah you must call in.”
The Prophet ﷺ smiled and prayed once more,
“O Allah, send rain around us, but not on our door.”

Mansoor:
And did the rain stop, Baba? What did the sky show?
Did it rain on Madinah or somewhere else below?

Baba:
The sky above Madinah was clear, bright, and blue,
But the rain kept falling outside, as the Prophet ﷺ knew.
The clouds moved away, leaving Madinah so bright,
And the people learned to trust in Allah’s might.

Mansoor:
MashAllah, Baba, the Prophet ﷺ’s prayer was so kind,
He prayed for the people, and the rain was well-timed.

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, the Prophet ﷺ taught us to pray,
To trust in Allah in every single way.
When we ask with faith, Allah will answer in time,
With mercy, with wisdom, in ways so sublime.

The Prayer for Rain

Mansoor:
Baba, I heard something today that made me think,
It's about the Prophet ﷺ and how he helped when the land was on the brink.
When there was no rain, and the people cried,
He stood up and prayed, with faith as his guide.

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, the Prophet ﷺ knew what to do,
He prayed to Allah, and Allah answered too.
But do you know, it wasn't just a simple plea,
He did something special that we can also see.

Mansoor:
What did he do, Baba? Tell me more,
How did he pray? What did he ask for?

Baba:
The Prophet ﷺ didn't stand on a high place,

He simply stood and raised his hands with grace.
He prayed two rakas, reciting aloud,
No adhan or iqama, just him and the crowd.

Mansoor:
So the Prophet ﷺ didn't need to call out,
He prayed with sincerity, there was no doubt.

Baba:
Exactly, Mansoor, his faith was so pure,
He showed us the way, simple and sure.
When we are in need, we can pray like he did,
With faith in Allah, our hearts will be rid.

Mansoor:
And did the rain come, Baba? Was it enough?
Did the people see that Allah's mercy was tough?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, the rain came down,
The people were happy, it covered the town.
But remember, it's not just in times of need,
We must pray with faith, and always proceed.

Mansoor:
So, Baba, it's not just about asking for help,
It's about trusting Allah with each heartfelt yelp.

Baba:
Yes, my son, the lesson is clear,
In all our prayers, Allah is near.
We ask with sincerity, knowing He will answer,
In His time, with mercy, and love that is grander.

The Prophet's Prayer for Rain

Mansoor:
Baba, today I heard something so bright,
About the Prophet ﷺ and his prayer for light.
The people were thirsty, the trees were dry,
They needed rain, and the sky seemed shy.

Baba:
Yes, my son, the people prayed for rain,
The land was parched, the drought was a strain.
The Prophet ﷺ didn't stand in a crowd,
He called on Allah, so sincere and proud.

Mansoor:
But Baba, how did the rain finally fall?
Was it a miracle, or just a prayer for all?

Baba:
The Prophet ﷺ, with faith in his heart,

Went out to pray, playing his part.
He turned to the Qibla, facing with grace,
And flipped his cloak, in that special place.

Mansoor:
What did that mean, Baba, flipping his cloak?
Did it bring the rain, like a magic joke?

Baba:
It wasn't magic, Mansoor, but trust in Allah,
The Prophet ﷺ prayed, and the rain began to draw.
By turning his cloak, he showed us how,
In times of need, we turn to Allah right now.

Mansoor:
So, Baba, we can pray when times are tough,
And Allah will help, no matter how rough?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, always remember and see,
That Allah answers prayers with mercy, you'll be free.
We trust in Him, with hearts so pure,
And Allah's blessings are always sure.

Mansoor:
I'll always pray, Baba, just like he did,
With trust in Allah, and faith that's big.

Baba:
That’s the way, my son, you’ve got it right,
Pray with sincerity, and you’ll see the light.

The Prophet’s Prayer for Rain

Mansoor:
Baba, tell me more about the Prophet's way,
When the people needed rain, how did he pray?

Baba:
Mansoor, the Prophet ﷺ went out one day,
To pray for rain, in the sky so gray.
He faced the Qibla, with hands raised high,
Calling to Allah, under the dry sky.

Mansoor:
What did he do next, Baba, please explain,
How did the rain come after that prayer for rain?

Baba:
The Prophet ﷺ prayed in two Rakat,
Reciting the Quran, his voice was strong and clear.
He didn’t just wait, he prayed with full heart,
Trusting in Allah from the very start.

Mansoor:
Why did he turn his cloak inside out, Baba?
What does that mean? Was it something special, a sign, a clue?

Baba:
The cloak wasn't magic, Mansoor, you see,
It was a sign of his trust in Allah's decree.
By turning his cloak, he showed his faith,
That Allah would answer, in His own good grace.

Mansoor:
So Baba, it wasn't just the cloak, or the prayer,
But the faith in Allah, that showed He cared?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, you've understood it well,
It's our trust in Allah, that makes the prayer swell.
When we pray with faith, we'll see Allah's hand,
Guiding and helping us, just as He planned.

Mansoor:
I will pray with faith, Baba, and trust in His might,
No matter the clouds, I'll keep Him in sight.

Baba:
That's the way, Mansoor, trust in Allah's grace,

He listens to us, and helps us in every place.

The Prophet’s Prayer for Rain

Mansoor:
Baba, tell me, what did the Prophet ﷺ do,
When the sky was dry and the clouds weren't in view?

Baba:
Mansoor, the Prophet ﷺ went out one day,
To ask Allah for rain, for the skies were gray.
He faced the Qibla, with faith in his heart,
Turning his cloak inside out, playing his part.

Mansoor:
Why did he turn his cloak, Baba, what does it mean?
Was it a special sign, or just part of the scene?

Baba:
It wasn’t the cloak, but his trust in Allah,
Showing his belief in the One who is above all.
By turning it out, he showed his full trust,
In Allah’s mercy, for He is just.

Mansoor:
Then what did he do next, Baba, please tell me,

After turning his cloak, how did the Prophet ﷺ pray for us, you see?

Baba:
He led us in prayer, in two Rakat he prayed,
Reciting the Quran aloud, as the sky slowly swayed.
He asked Allah for rain, with his heart so pure,
And by Allah's will, the rain would endure.

Mansoor:
So, Baba, the rain came because of his prayer?
And he showed us how to trust, with faith and care?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, you've learned it well,
It's our trust in Allah that makes His mercy swell.
When we turn to Him, with hearts full of grace,
He listens and answers, in His time and place.

Mansoor:
I will trust in Allah, Baba, just like the Prophet ﷺ,
And pray with full faith, with my heart at peace within.

Baba:
That's the way, Mansoor, always trust Allah's plan,
He will guide you and help you, as only He can.

The Prophet's Prayer for Rain

Mansoor:
Baba, I heard a story, can you tell me more,
About the Prophet ﷺ and the rain he implored?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, there was a time long ago,
When the skies were dry, and the crops did not grow.
The Prophet ﷺ prayed, asking Allah with care,
For the rain to come, to bless the earth with air.

Mansoor:
How did he ask, Baba? What did he do?
Was it different than the prayers we usually do?

Baba:
The Prophet ﷺ did something special that day,
He faced the Qibla, and with his heart, he did pray.
He turned his cloak inside out, a sign of his trust,
In Allah's mercy, for He is just.

Mansoor:
So, Baba, when he turned his cloak inside out,
It was a sign of trust? Was that what it was about?

Baba:

Yes, my son, it was a symbol of faith,
A way to show Allah he trusted His grace.
When we trust Allah, our hearts are at peace,
Knowing His mercy will never cease.

Mansoor:
What did he do after, Baba, did he pray more?
Did the rain come down, like it did before?

Baba:
After turning his cloak, he prayed two Rakat,
Reciting the Quran aloud, in a prayer so pure, so flat.
And by the will of Allah, the rain began to fall,
A gift from Allah, to answer the call.

Mansoor:
So, Baba, the Prophet ﷺ showed us how,
To trust in Allah, no matter the "how."
He prayed with faith, and Allah answered his plea,
Teaching us patience, trust, and humility.

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, the Prophet ﷺ led the way,
Showing us how to trust, and to pray.
So always trust Allah, with your heart and your soul,
And He will guide you, making you whole.

The Prophet's Prayer for Rain and Trust

Mansoor:
Baba, I heard a story about the Prophet's prayer,
When the skies were dry, and there was no air.
Can you tell me, Baba, what did he do,
To bring the rain, and make the skies blue?

Baba:
Ah, Mansoor, that's a wonderful question you ask,
Let me tell you about the Prophet's task.
There was a time when the rain did not fall,
So the Prophet ﷺ prayed, answering the call.

Mansoor:
What did he do, Baba, to make the rain pour?
How did his prayer make the skies roar?

Baba:
He went to the Musalla with the people to pray,
Facing the Qibla, he called to Allah that day.
He offered two Rakat with faith and might,
Turning his cloak inside out, a beautiful sight.

Mansoor:
Baba, he turned his cloak inside out?
What did that mean, could you tell me about?

Baba:
Yes, my son, it was a symbol of trust,
In Allah's mercy, for He is just.
The Prophet ﷺ put his cloak just right,
The right side on the left, a sign so bright.

Mansoor:
So, Baba, the cloak was turned with care,
As a sign of trust and Allah's prayer?

Baba:
Exactly, Mansoor, it showed his heart,
That he relied on Allah from the very start.
With sincerity, the Prophet ﷺ prayed,
And by Allah's mercy, the rain was made.

Mansoor:
That's so amazing, Baba, the rain came down,
A blessing from Allah for the whole town.
So, Baba, when we pray, we should trust with might,
That Allah will answer us, in His perfect light?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, trust Allah, and always stay true,
Like the Prophet ﷺ, in all that you do.
With patience and faith, He will always guide,

Through every storm and each gentle tide.

The Power of Prayer and Trust in Allah

Mansoor:
Baba, I heard a story from the past,
About a man who needed rain to last.
Can you tell me what happened that day,
When he prayed for rain, in a special way?

Baba:
Ah, Mansoor, this is a story so true,
Let me share it with you.
A Bedouin came on a Friday, so sad,
His livestock and people were in trouble, so bad.

Mansoor:
What did he say, Baba, to the Prophet ﷺ?
How did he ask for help, to ease his pain?

Baba:
The man came with worry, his heart full of fear,
He said, "The livestock and people are near to disappear.
O Messenger of Allah, we need your prayer,
For the rain has stopped, and the sky is bare."

Mansoor:

And then, Baba, what did the Prophet ﷺ do?
Did he pray for rain, to help the people too?

Baba:
The Prophet ﷺ raised both hands high,
As the people stood, with hope in their eyes.
They prayed to Allah, with faith so pure,
And right then, the rain began to pour!

Mansoor:
Wow, Baba, that's amazing, the rain came down,
And the people were saved, all over the town.

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, the rain came just right,
Blessing the earth, and brightening the night.
But the story didn’t end there, you see,
One week later, the man came back to plea.

Mansoor:
What did he say, Baba, when he returned?
Was the rain too much, or was there concern?

Baba:
The man said, "O Messenger, please hear my plea,
The rain is too much, the roads cannot be.
The travelers are stuck, they cannot move,

Can we ask Allah, to ease this groove?"

Mansoor:
So, Baba, the rain was too much to bear?
What did the Prophet ﷺ do, with love and care?

Baba:
The Prophet ﷺ smiled, with wisdom so deep,
He prayed to Allah, for balance to keep.
And the rain eased, just as it should,
Showing the power of prayer and Allah's good.

Mansoor:
So, Baba, when we pray, we trust in His way,
That Allah will help, come night or day?

Baba:
Exactly, Mansoor, prayer is the key,
To trust in Allah, and in His mercy.
So always pray with a heart that's true,
And know that Allah will always see you through.

The Rain of Mercy

Mansoor:
Baba, can you tell me a story so true,
About the rain and how it came through?

Baba:
Ah, Mansoor, this story is one of grace,
Let me share it with you, in this peaceful space.
A Bedouin came, on a Friday so bright,
With worry in his heart and no hope in sight.

Mansoor:
What did the man say, Baba, so sad?
Why was he worried, so down and so mad?

Baba:
He said, "O Messenger of Allah, we're in pain,
Our livestock, our people, we need the rain.
The sky is dry, the crops are dying,
Our hearts are heavy, our hopes are crying."

Mansoor:
And then, Baba, did the Prophet ﷺ pray?
How did he ask for help that day?

Baba:
The Prophet ﷺ raised both hands to the sky,
And the people joined in, with hope held high.
They prayed to Allah, with hearts full of trust,
For Allah's mercy, for rain was a must.

Mansoor:
And Baba, did the rain start to fall?
Did Allah listen to their prayer after all?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, the rain began to pour,
As if Allah's mercy opened a door.
It rained so much, we couldn't have asked for more,
The people were grateful, their hearts did soar.

Mansoor:
That's amazing, Baba! The rain was a gift,
But what happened next, did the rain cause a rift?

Baba:
A week went by, and the man came once more,
But this time, he had a new worry to implore.
He said, "O Messenger, the rain's too much,
The roads are flooded, the travelers can't clutch."

Mansoor:
So, Baba, the rain became a flood,
What did the Prophet ﷺ do in that mud?

Baba:
The Prophet ﷺ smiled, with wisdom so deep,
And prayed to Allah, His mercy to keep.

The rain slowed down, the roads became clear,
And the travelers moved on, without fear.

Mansoor:
So, Baba, we see Allah's mercy and grace,
Even when things seem out of place?

Baba:
Exactly, Mansoor, Allah’s plan is so wise,
He listens to us, and hears our cries.
We pray with faith, and trust His way,
For Allah’s mercy is with us every day.

The Power of Prayer

Mansoor:
Baba, tell me a story of how to pray,
And how we show devotion every day.
Did the Prophet ﷺ ever raise His hands high,
And ask Allah, the One who’s always nigh?

Baba:
Ah, Mansoor, let me tell you, my dear,
A story of the Prophet ﷺ, so sincere.
Once, during a time of need and fear,
The Prophet ﷺ raised His hands, so clear.

Mansoor:
How did He raise His hands, Baba, so high?
Did He reach the stars in the clear blue sky?

Baba:
No, Mansoor, but listen to this truth,
He raised His hands so high, in the open youth,
Until the whiteness of His armpits we could see,
A sign of His devotion, His plea so free.

Mansoor:
Wow, Baba! That's so beautiful, I see,
The Prophet ﷺ prayed with full sincerity.
But why raise His hands, so open and wide?
What did He ask Allah, with trust by His side?

Baba:
He raised His hands in the greatest of need,
Asking Allah to answer every plea and deed.
The Prophet ﷺ knew that Allah would hear,
So He raised His hands, with love so sincere.

Mansoor:
So Baba, when we pray, should we raise our hands too?
And ask Allah for what's right, and trust in the truth?

Baba:

Yes, Mansoor, raise your hands in prayer,
With faith in Allah, knowing He's always there.
Just as the Prophet ﷺ taught us to do,
With sincerity and trust, Allah will be with you.

Mansoor:
I will remember this, Baba, with all my heart,
To raise my hands and trust from the start.
For Allah is merciful, gentle, and kind,
And in His mercy, true peace we find.

The Power of Humble Prayer

Mansoor:
Baba, tell me of a time so pure,
When the Prophet ﷺ's prayer was so sure.
Did he ever raise his hands, so high,
To call to Allah, the One on high?

Baba:
Ah, Mansoor, the Prophet ﷺ did indeed,
Raise His hands in prayer, a noble deed.
But not for every prayer, not for every plea,
Only in certain moments, as you will soon see.

Mansoor:
What kind of prayer was so special, Baba?

When did he raise his hands like that, I wonder?

Baba:
It was the Istisqa prayer, my dear,
When the rain was needed, so near.
When the people suffered, the land was dry,
The Prophet ﷺ raised His hands to the sky.

Mansoor:
So, Baba, when the Prophet ﷺ raised His hands,
He raised them high, just like the sands!
How did He raise them, so high and clear?

Baba:
He raised them, Mansoor, with such devotion,
As though reaching for the stars and ocean.
His armpits showed the whiteness, so bright,
A sign of His trust, with Allah in sight.

Mansoor:
But Baba, did He raise His hands every time?
Or was it only for rain, in a moment sublime?

Baba:
No, my son, He raised them so high,
But only in the times when we need to cry.
When seeking rain, for the earth to thrive,

The Prophet ﷺ prayed to keep hope alive.

Mansoor:
So Baba, it's not just for us to ask,
But to raise our hands in every task?
When we need something, we can pray too,
With trust in Allah, for all we do?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, raise your hands high,
For Allah listens, He's always nearby.
In moments of need, and even in joy,
Trust in Allah, He's our guide, oh boy!

Mansoor:
I'll raise my hands, Baba, with all my might,
To call to Allah, both day and night.
For in His mercy, all prayers are heard,
And in His guidance, we find our word.

The Blessing of Rain

Mansoor:
Baba, look! The rain has begun to fall,
The sky is weeping, it's a beautiful call!
What does it mean when the rain starts to pour,
Does it bring blessings, like the rain of yore?

Baba:
Ah, Mansoor, rain is indeed a blessing, so pure,
It nourishes the earth, of that, we are sure.
But when the rain falls, the Prophet ﷺ would pray,
A prayer for the rain, every single day.

Mansoor:
What did he say, Baba? What were his words?
Did he call to Allah with gentle chords?

Baba:
Yes, my son, he'd raise his hands to the sky,
And say, "O Allah! Let it be fruitful, let it be high!"
He prayed for rain, but not just any rain,
But strong, and fruitful, to ease every pain.

Mansoor:
So Baba, the rain is not just for today,
It's a blessing for crops, and for people who pray?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, the rain is a gift from above,
A sign of Allah's mercy, His care, and His love.
But we must remember, when the rain falls so deep,
To thank Allah's blessings, and never to sleep.

Mansoor:
I see now, Baba, how rain is so kind,
It helps the earth and all humankind.
We should thank Allah with every drop,
For He listens to us, and never will stop.

Baba:
That’s right, my son, always remember to pray,
For rain brings blessings in its own special way.
So when the rain falls, raise your hands high,
And thank Allah for the blessings in the sky.

Mansoor:
I’ll thank Allah, Baba, every time it rains,
For the crops, the people, and to ease all pains.
The rain is a blessing, I now understand,
From the mercy of Allah, all over the land.

The Power of Prayer

Mansoor:
Baba, look at the sky, it's so clear and bright,
No clouds in sight, everything's in light.
But what if the land is thirsty, the earth so dry,
How do we ask for rain, if the clouds don't comply?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, you've asked a good question today,
For Allah's mercy is never far away.
There was once a time, in the Prophet's days,
When the people were hungry, lost in the haze.

Mansoor:
What happened, Baba? Did they ask for help?
How did they survive, was there hope in themselves?

Baba:
A famine had struck, the earth was so bare,
The crops were all gone, the livestock in despair.
On one Friday, while the Prophet ﷺ gave his speech,
A Bedouin stood up, his plea did reach:

Mansoor:
What did he say, Baba? What did he ask?
How did the Prophet ﷺ complete the task?

Baba:
He cried, "O Prophet, our families are weak,
Our animals are dying, and we can't even speak."
The Prophet ﷺ, with mercy in his heart,
Raised his hands high, for a new start.

Mansoor:
Did the rain come, Baba? Was the prayer enough?

Did the clouds come down, was the rain strong or rough?

Baba:
The sky was clear, not a cloud in sight,
But Allah's mercy came, in a beautiful light.
Clouds gathered quickly, like mountains so high,
And before long, the rain filled the sky.

Mansoor:
That's amazing, Baba! What happened next?
Did the people find peace, were they finally blessed?

Baba:
The rain fell for days, until the next Friday,
The valley of Qanat flowed in a wonderful way.
But then, a new plea came, the rain had been too much,
The houses were flooded, the earth could not touch.

Mansoor:
What did the Prophet ﷺ do, Baba? How did he act?
Did he raise his hands again, or take a different track?

Baba:
He raised his hands once more to the sky,
And said, "O Allah, let the rain pass us by."
He directed his hands, and the clouds did part,
Leaving Medina safe, with peace in its heart.

Mansoor:
So, Baba, the Prophet ﷺ taught us to pray,
For rain in times of need, and mercy every day?

Baba:
Yes, my son, in times of joy or in sorrow,
We turn to Allah, and trust in tomorrow.
For prayer is the key, a way to be heard,
In times of need, we call to our Lord.

The Wind and the Prophet's ﷺ Worry

Mansoor:
Baba, the wind is blowing strong today,
The trees are swaying, and the clouds are gray.
Do winds like this ever make you feel scared?
I see the trees bend, but they don't seem prepared.

Baba:
Ah, Mansoor, you've noticed the wind, my dear,
It's a natural force, but it also brings fear.
The Prophet ﷺ, with his heart so pure,
Would feel anxious when the winds would stir.

Mansoor:
Why did the Prophet ﷺ feel afraid, Baba?

Was he worried about something, or was there a clue?

Baba:
The wind, my son, can bring rain or storm,
It can cool the earth or it may transform.
But the Prophet ﷺ, with his heart full of care,
Feared it could be a sign of Allah's despair.

Mansoor:
A sign from Allah? What did it mean, Baba?
Why would the wind be a sign of sorrow or wrath?

Baba:
The Prophet ﷺ feared it could be a warning,
A sign of Allah's anger, like in the early morning.
He knew the wind could be a message to heed,
A reminder to turn to Allah, to purify our deeds.

Mansoor:
So, when the wind blows strong, should we feel afraid?
Or should we be calm, with our hearts well laid?

Baba:
It's natural to feel some worry, my son,
But remember, in every breeze, Allah's will is done.
When the wind is harsh, we turn to Him in prayer,
Asking for mercy, knowing Allah's always there.

Mansoor:
I see now, Baba, that the wind is a sign,
Of Allah's power, His mercy divine.
We shouldn't fear, but we must stay aware,
And always ask Allah for protection and care.

Baba:
Exactly, Mansoor, you've understood so well,
The wind teaches us lessons, as stories tell.
In everything around us, there's something to learn,
From the blowing wind, to the way the leaves turn.

Mansoor:
Thank you, Baba, for helping me see,
The wisdom in the wind, and the power of decree.
Now, I'll remember, when the wind starts to blow,
To trust in Allah's plan and let my faith grow.

The Power of the Wind

Mansoor:
Baba, I see the winds are blowing strong today,
The trees are bending, the skies turning gray.
What do the winds mean, when they howl and roar?
Can they bring blessings or troubles galore?

Baba:
Ah, Mansoor, the wind is a mighty force,
It carries both blessings and signs, of course.
The Prophet ﷺ spoke of winds that sway,
One brought victory, while another led astray.

Mansoor:
What do you mean, Baba, about the winds that sway?
How can winds bring victory or make things decay?

Baba:
The Prophet ﷺ said, "I was granted success,"
With As-Saba, the wind that brings progress.
It's the wind of triumph, of strength and might,
It can help us achieve goals, even in the night.

Mansoor:
That's wonderful, Baba, but what about the other wind?
Did it also bring something—was it a friend?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, there is another wind, quite strong,
The Ad-Dabur, that did something wrong.
It destroyed the people of 'Ad, long ago,
A powerful wind that caused them sorrow and woe.

Mansoor:

So, Baba, some winds bring good, and some bring bad?
That sounds so powerful—does it make you feel sad?

Baba:
It's true, Mansoor, the wind has great power,
It can change lives in a single hour.
We must remember, no matter how strong,
To always trust Allah, who guides us along.

Mansoor:
But, Baba, if a wind brings trouble or fear,
What should we do? How can we stay near?

Baba:
When winds bring worry, we turn to Allah,
Asking for protection, for peace without flaw.
Just as the Prophet ﷺ taught us to pray,
We trust in Allah, for He'll lead the way.

Mansoor:
So, Baba, the wind, no matter how it blows,
Is a reminder that Allah's power grows.
We should trust in Him, whether rain or sun,
And know that His will, for us, is never undone.

Baba:
Exactly, Mansoor, you've learned it so right,

The wind, whether gentle or with all its might,
Is a reminder to turn to Allah's grace,
For He controls everything in its place.

Mansoor:
Thank you, Baba, for teaching me today,
Now I know what to do, come what may.
I'll trust in Allah, and pray for His care,
For the wind and His mercy are always there.

The Signs of the Last Day

Mansoor:
Baba, I've been thinking, the world seems to change,
Things feel so different, everything's strange.
What will happen when the Hour is near?
When the Last Day comes, should we feel fear?

Baba:
Ah, Mansoor, your question is one of great care,
The Hour will come, but we need to be aware.
The Prophet ﷺ shared with us a sign,
Things will change in ways that are divine.

Mansoor:
What kind of signs will happen, Baba dear?
What should we look for to know it's near?

Baba:
First, knowledge will fade, it will be lost,
When the learned ones pass, it will come at a cost.
The wisdom we cherish will slip away,
And we'll have to struggle to find the right way.

Mansoor:
That's worrying, Baba, how can we stay wise?
How can we learn to be truly wise?

Baba:
We must seek knowledge, Mansoor, every day,
Through the Quran, Hadith, and what teachers say.
We must never stop learning, never stop seeking,
For knowledge is light, and ignorance is weakening.

Mansoor:
But Baba, what about the world around us, too?
Will other signs appear? Can you tell me a few?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, earthquakes will shake the ground,
Time will pass faster, without a sound.
Afflictions will rise, and sorrow will grow,
And money will flow, though hearts will feel low.

Mansoor:
It sounds like the world will become so hard to bear,
How can we stay strong when the signs are so clear?

Baba:
We stay close to Allah, our hearts full of trust,
No matter the trials, we know He is just.
We pray and remember, we do what is right,
And in times of darkness, we search for the light.

Mansoor:
So, Baba, the signs are warnings, you say,
To turn to Allah and follow His way?

Baba:
Exactly, Mansoor, the signs are our guide,
To stay true to Allah, with Him as our guide.
The Last Day will come, but we must be prepared,
With faith and good deeds, we will be cared.

Mansoor:
Thank you, Baba, for teaching me today,
Now I know how to follow the right way.
I'll seek knowledge, and pray every night,
To stay strong and steadfast, with Allah's light.

The Blessings of Sham, Yemen, and Najd

Mansoor:
Baba, I've heard that the Prophet ﷺ prayed,
For blessings in Sham, Yemen, where peace is laid.
But when they asked for Najd, the Prophet declined,
Why was that, Baba? What did he find?

Baba:
Ah, Mansoor, that's a very wise question you ask,
Let me explain it with no need for a mask.
The Prophet ﷺ loved Sham and Yemen true,
Places of peace, where good things always grew.
He asked Allah to bless them, for they were dear,
But when it came to Najd, the Prophet showed fear.

Mansoor:
But why was that, Baba? What made him so sad?
What did the Prophet ﷺ see that was bad?

Baba:
In Najd, the Prophet ﷺ feared something dire,
Earthquakes and afflictions would rise up like fire.
And from there would emerge, as the Prophet did say,
The side of Satan, leading hearts astray.

Mansoor:
Satan's side, Baba? What could that mean?

How can we stay safe, and keep our hearts clean?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, from Najd, Satan's whispers would rise,
And many would follow the wrong path with their eyes.
But Allah has warned us, and we must be wise,
To follow the truth and not Satan's lies.

Mansoor:
So, Baba, what should we do to stay on the right track?
To avoid the afflictions and never look back?

Baba:
We must stay close to Allah, always in prayer,
Remember His teachings, and spread love and care.
By following the Prophet ﷺ, we'll be strong,
And in the light of truth, we'll always belong.

Mansoor:
Thank you, Baba, for teaching me today,
Now I know the right path, and I'll never stray.
I'll pray for blessings in Sham and Yemen too,
And keep close to Allah in all that I do.

The Rain and the Blessing of Belief

Mansoor:

Baba, I remember a story you once told,
About the Prophet ﷺ and a rain that was bold.
It rained one morning at Al-Hudaibiya,
But what did the Prophet ﷺ say about the idea?

Baba:
Ah, Mansoor, you remember it well,
The morning rain was a story to tell.
The Prophet ﷺ led the Fajr prayer that day,
And after, He shared what Allah had to say.

Mansoor:
What did Allah say, Baba? I want to know,
Was it the rain's blessing that made it so?

Baba:
The Prophet ﷺ said something quite clear,
"Some of you believe, but some of you fear.
Those who say rain came by Allah's grace,
Believe in Me and in My place.
But those who say it's because of a star,
They disbelieve in Me, no matter how far."

Mansoor:
So Baba, if we say the rain is from Allah,
We're showing our belief in Him, and that's not small?
But if we think it's from stars or the sky,

Then we're turning away from the truth, oh my!

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, you've understood it right,
The rain is a blessing from Allah's light.
We must believe in His mercy and grace,
And thank Him always for every trace.

Mansoor:
So whenever it rains, Baba, I'll say,
"Allah sent this blessing to us today!"
And remember that in Allah, we trust,
For He is the One who guides us just.

Baba:
That's the spirit, my dear, you've learned it well,
To always remember and to always tell,
That all blessings come from Allah alone,
In His mercy, we're never alone.

The Five Keys of the Unseen

Mansoor:
Baba, tell me something I don't know,
About the unseen, where does it go?
What does Allah know that we can't see,
What secrets lie in His great decree?

Baba:
Ah, Mansoor, that's a question so wise,
Allah's knowledge is beyond the skies.
There are five keys He alone holds tight,
Secrets hidden from our human sight.

Mansoor:
Five keys? Baba, that sounds so grand,
What are these keys? Please, help me understand!

Baba:
The first key is this: no one knows,
What tomorrow brings or how it grows.
We can plan, but we can never see,
What the future holds for you and me.

Mansoor:
So, Baba, we can’t know what’s ahead,
Even if we plan and our hearts are led?

Baba:
Exactly, Mansoor, we must trust in Allah,
For He alone knows what’s best for us all.

Mansoor:
What’s the second key, Baba? Please share,

What else does Allah hold in His care?

Baba:
The second key is that no one can tell,
What's in the womb, no matter how well,
A doctor may try, but the truth is clear,
Only Allah knows what's drawing near.

Mansoor:
So we don't know what a baby will be,
But Allah knows perfectly, that's the key!

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, He knows the future and more,
Now listen closely to the next key's core.

Mansoor:
I'm listening, Baba, please tell me more,
What else does Allah keep behind His door?

Baba:
The third key is about what you'll gain,
Tomorrow's blessings, or joy or pain.
Only Allah knows what's coming your way,
He is the One who guides your day.

Mansoor:

Wow, Baba, that means Allah’s the guide,
He knows what’s good and what’s by our side!

Baba:
Exactly, my son, now listen to this,
The fourth key is a mystery we can't dismiss.
Where you will die, when your time will come,
Only Allah knows, not anyone.

Mansoor:
That’s amazing, Baba, only Allah can say,
When and where we will leave, one day.

Baba:
Now, my son, the final key I’ll share,
It’s about rain, Allah's mercy in the air.
No one knows when it will fall from above,
But it’s a blessing, a sign of His love.

Mansoor:
So, Baba, Allah holds all five keys,
To the unseen world and all mysteries.

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, and this is what we know,
Trust in Allah, for He makes things flow.
Believe in His wisdom, His mercy and might,

For He alone controls the day and night.